

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
March 1925 **NEWS** "I Serve"





Flowers and potted plants will brighten the days indoors if
some one will take care of them

Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

The Teacher's Page

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

DEVELOPING CALENDAR ACTIVITIES

"The Use of Each Kind of Food"

THE *Calendar* suggests making an illustrated calendar of meals for mother or giving an original food play. The following information about food groups may help your Juniors. The point to be stressed is that lack of any of the essential foods interferes with growth:

GROUP I. Foods characterized by mineral substances and organic acids: spinach, lettuce, peas or string beans, tomatoes, turnips or carrots, cabbage or onions, other vegetables, apples or pears, oranges or grapefruit, other fruit, berries, fruit gelatin.

GROUP II. Foods characterized by protein: lean meats, poultry, fish, oysters, milk, cheese, eggs, dried legumes, nuts, cocoa (beverage), custard, ice cream.

GROUP III. Foods characterized by starch: flour or meal mixtures, bread, crackers, macaroni, rice, tapioca, cereal foods, potatoes.

GROUP IV. Foods characterized by sugar: syrup, honey, preserves, jellies, dried fruits, candy, sugar, frozen ices.

GROUP V. Foods characterized by fats: butter, cream, lard, salt pork, bacon, chocolate, vegetable oils.

The minerals in GROUP I make strong bones, good teeth, and red blood. The vitamins contained in the organic acids of vegetables and fruits make the cheeks rosy, the skin clear, the eyes bright, and the hair glossy. The leafy vegetables and fruits are also regulatory foods.

The protein in foods of GROUP II furnishes the building material of the body, helping to build bones and to make muscles strong.

GROUPS III and IV are the fuel foods, which furnish energy and regulate the heat of the body.

The fats in GROUP V are fuel foods, and also serve to oil the machinery.

Water is indispensable as a regulator and cleanser.

"Good Habits in Mental Work"

THE teacher will find useful material for the talk on mental habits for which her Juniors may ask her, in an article by W. W. Charters, called *Direct and Indirect Methods of Teaching Ideals* (Elementary

School Journal, University of Chicago Press, January, 1925). The method termed "indirect" is not unconscious. The child is taken into the game as an intelligent partner. The method involves:

1. An intelligent appreciation on the part of the child of the ideal to be striven for, so that he will find satisfaction in success.
2. Care on the teacher's part that the ideal shall function consistently in all possible situations, so that the desired habits may be formed.
3. Intelligence of procedure on the teacher's part (keeping the values clear; avoidance of fussiness).
4. Application of standards to other situations (the teacher can help the child generalize the ideal; for instance, to realize that neatness is as desirable on a history paper as in a penmanship exercise; that accuracy is essential in other classes as well as in mathematics).
5. A definite conception on the teacher's part of the traits to be developed. ("A list of traits should be made, and it should be definitely decided that the school will endeavor to develop a definite number of specific traits."—Charters.)

Certain traits can be stressed better in some subjects than in others. "Only by far-fetched reasoning can we make handwriting exercises an attribute to patriotism."—Charters. International School Correspondence, we believe, makes the connection less "far-fetched." Certainly, the artistic appearance of some of the foreign portfolios received has deepened the respect of whole groups of American Juniors for the countries from which those portfolios came.

Some additional references which the teacher may wish to consult are: *Moral Values in Secondary Education*, Bulletin 51, 1917, U. S. Bureau of Education (address, Government Printing Office); *Your Mind and You*, George K. Pratt, National Health Series, Funk & Wagnalls; *Nine Leaflets for Parents*, National Committee on Mental Hygiene, 370 7th Avenue, New York; *Mental Hygiene for Younger Children*, Ira S. Wile, in Hospital Social Service, October, 1924 (New York).

The children may themselves have a part in deciding which traits their group should work for. Let them find and discuss Franklin's method of developing desirable mental traits. Perhaps they can make for their class a chart similar to his and check their own "errata."

Bliss Carman's poem, *Hem and Haw*, and Edmund Vance Cooke's *Whiney and Shiney* may interest younger children.

THE MARCH NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

"Excelsior!"

MISS UPJOHN'S article is useful as always for geography. It might be used in an English class for a fascinating lesson in description, with the children finding for themselves such vivid bits as the setting given in the third paragraph—"The village

"Tam Gory,"
p. 104.

spreads along a ridge of a mountain, white-plastered, brown-thatched, set in thickets of plum trees." "The Struma glimmered like a streak of light in a dusky room." "We were enveloped in the vast silence of the mountains, with no

sound but the occasional sneeze of a goat, the hum of bees and the tinkle of a thousand tiny bells blended into an echo as soft as rain drops." Some of the scenes may serve as subjects for art work.

But, best of all, this story may be used as the lead for the discussion of desirable mental habits. Let pupils discover for themselves concrete instances showing the strength of character in these Bulgarian Juniors. We cannot help associating the persistence of the youthful herdsmen and their almost symbolic cry of "Tam Gory" with *Excelsior*, Longfellow's poetic parable of aspiration.

A reference useful for Normal School students and interesting for all teachers is *Schools in Bulgaria*, by William F. Russell, Bureau of Publications, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York.

"What Junior Red Cross Is Doing for Foreign Children"

THE picture and story of the Latvian school-lunch project furnishes material for the reports suggested on the *Calendar* about what the Junior Red Cross is doing for foreign children.

Good Food; in the Fresh Summer Air, p. 101.

In addition to the nutrition project described and pictured, the Junior Red Cross has promoted Fitness for Service in Latvia by encouraging sport and a knowledge of how to play. One hundred dollars of the National Children's Fund was used to establish play centers where instruction in the first elements of health and hygiene was given. Dr. Skujas has done much for health all over Latvia by giving health lectures, showing films, and promoting Junior Red Cross work.

Planting

MORE material is given here for reports on foreign Junior projects.

If your Juniors are eager for a garden project of their own, the following outline may be useful:

1. Planning in Advance: selecting available plot, deciding what things to have in the

The Herb Garden at Wilno, pp. 108-109. garden (vegetables, flowers), diagram of plot, with measurements; arranging to get seeds and plants, learning how to prepare ground and to plant seeds.

2. Making the Garden: measuring and marking off, ploughing and preparing ground, planting, hoeing, etc.

3. Immediate Use of Products: eating the vegetables, learning to eat new kinds of vegetables, marketing surplus vegetables, using flowers for beautifying one's own home, taking them to friends, etc.

4. Conservation of Products: canning vegetables for winter use, making a flower box and transplanting some of the flowers for the home, the school, a community house, or friends.

Plans for the garden may be used in most of the regular classes: in *science*, study of the germination of seeds; in *geography*, study of distribution of products, market for products, record of weather or rainfall, etc.; in *manual arts*, making markers for garden plots, flower boxes or other necessary equipment; in *domestic science*, preparation of vegetables, study of food values and diet; in *mathematics*, measurement of distances, calculation of cost of materials, of income received, of time spent in labor, etc.; in *composition*, oral or written, reports,

records, necessary letters; in *literature*, reading about nature in prose and poetry (study about Burbank, reading Burroughs' essays, etc.); in *drawing*, making diagrams of the garden, studying landscape adaptation; in *physical training* or *hygiene*, study of the benefits received from outdoor exercises, and actual physical exercise involved.

Some nature poems which may be studied in connection with garden projects are: *To the Fringed Gentian*—Bryant; *To a Mountain Daisy*—Burns; *Roadside Flowers, Daisies*—Bliss Carman; *Morning Glories*—Madison Cawein; *The Dandelions*—Helen Gray Cone; *The Blades of Grass*—Stephen Crane; *Rain*—Margaret Deland; *The Rhodora*—Emerson; *The Tuft of Flowers*—Robert Frost; *Sweet Peas*—Keats; *Corn*—Lanier; *To the Dandelion*—Lowell; *I See His Blood upon the Rose*—Joseph Plunkett; *Flower in the Crannied Wall*—Tennyson; *Daffodils, March*—Wordsworth.

Of course, the Junior dolls, being up-to-the-minute persons, are planting, too—"seeds of friendship planted in soil already tilled by the Junior Red Cross."

They Plan for April Planting, pp. 102-103.

We had concluded that the mythical cat who used to puzzle us so when we were little Josse's age had his tongue; but, after all, he understood as well as the most talkative of his brilliant doll companions what the Junior Red Cross stands for—"friendships"!

Auditorium

HERE is unique and entertaining material for the art class, the music class, the French class, and

A Quaint Old Tune, p. 112.

the history class. Perhaps the chorus can be sung in its various forms, the theme as found in Beethoven reproduced in an assembly program, and the story of the song related.

"Out-door First Aid"

JUNIORS might draw up their own list of emergencies which call for "Out-door First Aid." Scouts or others qualified may demonstrate and explain how to care for sprains and breaks received in hiking, how to recognize poison ivy or

First Aid Among Indian Juniors, p. 111.

poison oak, and how to treat their effects, how to treat stings of insects, stone cuts and bruises, sunstroke and heat prostration, how

to make litters and splints if they are needed by hikers, how to practice resuscitation. The *American Red Cross Teachers' Handbook of First Aid Instruction* may be helpful; also, the *American Red Cross First Aid Text Book*, general edition (price, 60 cents, postpaid; special prices for schools).

The American Red Cross

DISCUSSION of the history of the American Red Cross may well be supplemented by additional facts about more recent development. Interesting books

March the First, p. 106.

about the work of the American Red Cross are *The American National Red Cross, Its Origin, Purposes, and Service*, by Sarah

E. Pickett, and *Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad*, by Mabel T. Boardman.

EXTINCTION OF OUR MAMMALS

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AT THE start, it may be as well to point out that *mammals* are those animals that travel

on four legs, possess hair, and nurse or suckle their young. On account of their traveling on four legs we also refer to them as quadrupeds. In this article I intend to show that the extermination or destruction of our mammals which has taken place may be chiefly attributed to the gun, the rifle, and the various forms of traps used by man, ever since the first days of settlement of our country. This destruction has gone on with even greater rapidity than in the case of birds, the reason for which is not far to seek.

In the first place—aside from bats, flying squirrels, and so on—mammals can not navigate themselves in the air. They are readily killed with all kinds of firearms, bows and arrows, and other weapons, while millions of them have been captured in traps and in other ways, not to mention the great host that have been destroyed by different kinds of poison—principally strichnine.

Doubtless thousands upon thousands of mammals were slain by the American Indians ages before the white man appeared upon the scene; and often many were destroyed by storms and floods, by food failure, and by certain diseases.

In so far as the white man has taken a hand in this extermination of American mammals, it has come about in part through the need he had, and still has, for them as food—also for their fur, for museum specimens, for many other purposes. But there has been and is too much slaughter of these animals merely to satisfy a desire to hunt them for sport.

In our country the principal mammals that have suffered are those of the squirrel group, the buffalo, beaver, rabbits and their kind, woodchucks, prairie dogs, deer, mountain goats and sheep, raccoons, antelopes, moles, horses, and a few others. This question of the extermination of our mammals has been of great interest to me for more than half a century, and not a little of it came under my personal observation back in the middle seventies, when I served as a young assistant surgeon attached to a cavalry outfit. Most of the time the expedition was in the country just north of the Big Horn Mountains, where nearly all the mammals enumerated above still lived, though in greatly reduced numbers compared with their former abundance.

Now, I rode a pony like an Indian; was an all-round good shot with shotgun, revolver, and rifle. I was hardened by long exposure, and used the sign language of the Sioux; and this combination naturally kept me in close touch with our scouts, of which nine were of that tribe.

The expedition commander appreciated all this; so I was often directed to accompany the Indians when they left the column to hunt the game of the country through which we were passing. But even in those far-off days it would occur to me quite frequently that I was taking part in the extermination of the splendid game mammals of our western plains and mountains, and the thought carried with it a feeling of deep sadness and regret.

During this time the vanguard of Wyoming's and Dakota's earliest settlers was moving westward—a most composite array of men, women and children imaginable, and made up of adventurers, cattlemen, gamblers, speculators, and a dozen other kinds, together with a few Catholic priests.

Among these were a certain class of men fully equipped in every way to meet what lay before them. They preempted all the territory they could, and did more to exterminate the big game mammals of the country they invaded than all the others put together.

If a bunch of Indians or soldiers killed a buffalo or an elk, or, indeed, any of the big, four-footed game, they would usually use up every pound of flesh upon it; but on not a few occasions I came upon the dead body of many of these splendid animals, when the shameless condition would be revealed that only a tongue had been cut out, or a steak or two from the flanks. If one invited the attention of these men to this waste and slaughter, it only drew forth a shrug and the ever-ready answer:

"If I had not killed the bloody brute, somebody else would."

And in this way the slaughter went on, every day and at all times, until now we have but a few thousands of these fine animals in the country, where formerly enormous herds existed. It is a pitiable story, and its sequel could not have been different. But what is to be deplored still more is the fact that not a single representative will be left of any of the larger mammals at the

Prices paid for mounted heads of elks will surely help the extermination along



end of another century or two—that is, not in the wild state and in their natural habitats.

Not so long ago I met an old plainsman here in Washington; he had hunted all over the country in



The raccoon is making a vain stand against both fur hunters and sportsmen

the early seventies, from the Dakotas to southern Texas, and he had, at different times, shot antelope, black and white tailed deer, buffalo, elk, bear, and sheep, together with most of the smaller fur-bearing mammals. When I asked him about the present status of the larger game in the western country, he simply smiled.

"Except on the Government and private reservations," he said, "one may truthfully say that it is *all gone*."

In 1898 an American cartridge company published a little volume entitled "Where to Hunt American Game." It tells us where all kinds of game birds and mammals may be found and shot in this country. Doubtless this book has, since its publication, been responsible for helping the extermination of our game mammals along, as it tells the reader exactly every nook and corner in the United States where, a little over a quarter of a century ago, all kinds of game could be found.

Some of the statements in that little book are interesting, not to say instructive, at the present time. It says, for example, referring to the State of Maine, that "the Virginia deer is found in every county in the state. It has been asserted by the secretary of the Maine Sportsmen's Association that 10,000 deer a year could be spared, and the condition of the deer be benefited by the killing of that number." Speaking of the game of Colorado, we learn that "it was estimated that in Routt and Rio Blanco Counties there were, in 1896, 10,000 elks (wapiti); 75,000 mule deer, and 50,000 antelopes." It would be interesting were some reliable hunter in that state to tell us how these figures would

compare with the present showing for the area in question. Members of the Junior Red Cross might well undertake to secure accurate information on this point.

We are also told that "much game is to be found in New Mexico. In the mountains and foothills large game abounds, such as elk, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, black-tailed deer, Virginia deer, bear—both cinnamon and black, with occasionally a silver-tip or grizzly—cougar or panther, commonly called mountain lion, wildcat, lynx, gray or timber wolf, coyote, red fox, swift, badger, beaver, otter, coon, squirrel, marmot and other small furred animals. On the prairies antelope are still abundant in some localities, and with the jack-rabbit afford sport for those who are fond of the chase."

I must believe that these figures and statements will throw not a few rays of light on the extermination of our mammals, which is doubtless going on at a more rapid rate than ever as these words are being penned. The building of railroads is progressing in all directions; the number of hunters is ever on the increase; the airplane will soon take an enormous toll, and the prices paid for good mounted heads of buffalo, elk, or moose will surely help the extermination along. The moving pictures that show the *big game* of Africa and other countries are having their influence. These pictures result only too often in the organization of hunting parties with no better motive than *killing for sport*. The fault is not so much with the pictures as with those persons who have a deadly impulse to kill the instant they see a wild animal or learn where he



*A mother opossum with her young
They have reason to fear men and dogs*

lives. In short, our wild mammals are going, and in the long run the game laws will not save them. Nothing can save them unless it is a stronger determination on the part of the people of the United States to protect these mammals against further destruction.

FITNESS FOR SERVICE IN LATVIA

IN THE FRESH SUMMER AIR

Dr. J. Skujas

IN THE LATVIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS MAGAZINE,
"LATVIAN JUNIORS"

THE WARM spring sunbeams break through windows and doors into the class rooms and awaken new yearnings in children's souls. The leaves of books seem meaningless, the air in the schoolroom savourless. Teachers understand these yearnings of children. One teacher declares that after two days an excursion will take place toward the banks of a river that can be reached very easily by foot in two hours.

Having provided themselves with sandwiches, on the morning of the appointed day, the schoolboys arrange themselves in pairs before the schoolhouse, and at the given signal stride away, singing national songs.

The schoolhouse soon disappears behind the hillock, and the pairs separate to enjoy a greater freedom. A halt, a jump over the ditches, laughter and joking take place. At last the river is reached and the school boys stop on the bridge. In the beginning they sit down upon the rail, like swallows on a telegraph wire. But soon the whole noisy crowd stands upon the pebbly bank of the river throwing stones to the opposite bank or skipping them along the surface of the water. Some have already pulled off shoes and stockings and are wading.

At the teacher's order they start along a narrow path among dense bushes. The path soon retreats from the river, and a meadow with an amazing variegation of flowers appears. At the teacher's advice the children begin to gather flowers, one from each species, pulling them out of the ground with roots and washing away the sticking earth.

The teacher asks them to call each flower by name and to explain why it is called by such a name. Then he calls the schoolboys' attention to the form of a root and asks why this flower has a root like a little broom, the second like a stem, but the third like a bulb. The work becomes more interesting with each new plant, and thus all the botany of the winter is reviewed.

The path turns toward the outskirt of a wood and now flowerless wood plants and insects begin to attract attention. The teacher tears from stumps the half rotten bark and shows that under it a new life grows and flourishes. Active families live under fallen leaves. Some creatures which formerly seemed loathsome become attractive now, for their work and aims can be understood. As the meadow, so the woods are no longer an abode of secret or evil spirits, but the same life which is in our beings lives in them, only attired in other forms.

The wood and the bank of the river are again quite near, but it is strange here—steep, stony. It seems as



The Latvian Juniors supply school lunches to undernourished children

GOOD FOOD

"IF OUR Juniors could appreciate the difference which even the smallest sum makes to these Juniors, they would be inspired," wrote Miss Upjohn after her visit to Latvia. "They ought to know for what and with what results the National Children's Fund is being spent and also to realize what good use the European Juniors are making of it."

In the illustration above she has told us of one good use, in the language in which she is so fluent—the pictured faces of children. Last summer it was reported that there were 9,000 children in Latvia who would be unable to attend school because of the lack of proper clothing and food, and therefore it was decided to purchase material for clothing for these children and to provide proper nourishment for a certain number.

Four hundred dollars was set aside for nutritional aid in the area still suffering from war devastation. A portion of this money was used to provide proper food for 100 children during the summer, so that they would be able to go to school in the fall. The idea was conceived by a group of Juniors belonging to the Riga Technical High School, who planned to provide a camp for the summer for these children, and by themselves collected about \$182.00 for the purpose. The Junior group living there helped to make everything pleasant and agreeable. As Junior groups were formed among the rural population, money was used to initiate school lunches as part of local activities.

THEY PLAN FOR APRIL PLANTING

Ethel Blair Jordan

ALL DAY March winds had swept over the city, shaking budding tree-branches and shouting to the winter-bound world: "Come out!" The Junior Red Cross dolls all heard it, and it caused a homesick feeling in the hearts of Raoul and Yvonne, his wife, for they were from Brittany, where the wind is a familiar companion. At last the museum workers went home.

"Shall we go for a walk?" asked Raoul.

"Gladly," said Yvonne. "Perhaps our companions will go with us. What do you say, Berthe of Alsace, and you, Lise of Lorraine, and you little Josse of Flanders?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Lise and Berthe, stepping down from their table.

The little Josse said nothing, but he smiled broadly and trotted after them. Yvonne and Raoul called these their companions because they had all been dressed and sent to American Juniors by the pupils of a school in Vanves, near Paris.

Escaping from the museum by a secret way known only to the dolls, the little procession found itself on the Red Cross lawn. What a quaint procession it was! First came Yvonne and Raoul, dressed in somber black, relieved only by the purple buttons on his coat, by her white lace cap and yoke. Lise and Berthe wore white waists, bright red satin skirts trimmed in black, and embroidered black taffeta aprons. But Berthe wore a black scarf crossed on her breast and on her head a huge black bow with a tri-color rosette, while Lise wore a rainbow-colored scarf and a white mob-cap. As for little Josse, he wore broad black breeches, a red jumper, and a round black cap, and his face was rounder than the cap and redder than the jumper.

"The day fades like an exquisite flower," murmured Yvonne. "See, some lovely petals of pale gold still linger in the western sky."

"Well, well! That's no reason to stand here and catch cold!" exclaimed Lise briskly.

As they rounded the corner of a building Berthe cried out: "A row of poplars! That looks like France." Then she said laughingly: "Little Josse, I'll wager you never heard why the poplar's branches curve upward?"

The little Josse said nothing, but curiosity glittered in his eyes.

"The king of the gods gave the trees a feast," began Berthe. "Afterwards he missed some silver spoons and off went his messenger to question the trees. All protested innocence, the poplar loudest of all. 'Perhaps you suspect me because my branches sweep the ground?'

Behold then!" He threw up his arms, more carelessly than he intended, and down came a rain of silver spoons! The poplar leaves turned silver with fright, and ever since he has had to keep his arms upraised to show his silver leaves!"

The little Josse said nothing, but his eyes sparkled joyously.

"Look, there is a tree blown down by the storm," cried Lise. "Surely they will plant another in its place?"

"Whenever one tree dies," said Raoul, "another should be planted. Only thus can forests be saved. This is the time to plan for April planting."

"In France now they are tilling the soil," remarked Lise. "Why shouldn't we plant things here?"

"We are planting, madame," said Raoul, smiling. "We dolls, sent by French girls to America, are we not seeds of friendship, planted in soil already tilled by the Junior Red Cross?"

"It is true," agreed the three women. The little Josse said nothing, but his eyes looked scared.

"Don't be afraid, little Josse," Raoul said kindly. "You will not burst into leaves and flowers, but only into smiles and happiness. Come, tell these ladies what great man was born in Flanders on just such a March day as this. A famous painter," prompted Raoul. "Anthony Van Dyck!"

The little Josse said nothing, but his eyes glowed proudly.

"Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was born in my Lorraine," boasted Lise.

"In my native town of Strassburg," contributed Berthe, "Rouget de l'Isle wrote the Marseillaise, our national song. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi also was born in Alsace; the great sculptor who designed the Statue of Liberty and caused it to be presented to America."

"That was a wonderful friendship seed," commented Raoul. "And what a blossom! That colossal woman figure, standing at the ocean gateway, the light



Yvonne was from Brittany



Her husband, Raoul

from its upraised torch streaming out across the darkling waters of the harbor, far out on the tossing ocean—Liberty enlightening the world!"

They walked on in silence for a few minutes. The roar of the city had dulled into a murmur; a far-off bell was ringing.

"It sounds like the bells of the lost city of Ys," Yvonne said dreamily. "Long, long ago Ys was a rich and sinful city. One night its wicked princess stole the sluice-gate key from her father, King Gradlon, and opened the gates. The city was flooded and sank to the bottom of the sea. The cruel princess was doomed to haunt the spot as a mermaid and many Breton fishermen declare they have seen her." She began to sing in a low, sweet voice:

"Fisherman, saw you the Seas' White Daughter,
Combing her golden hair,
While far below in the rushing water,
The towers of Ys gleamed fair?"

'Yes, I have seen the
White Maid of the
Seas,
I have heard her
plaintive singing.
And down in the
long-lost city of
Ys,
The mournful bells
were ringing.'

They had reached the front lawn now and paused to admire the sweep of the white marble steps and the stately pillars of the Red Cross building. From that they turned to the park where, above the tops of majestic old trees, the shaft of the Washington Monument towered sharply up against the evening sky.

"How imposing it is, and how simple," said Raoul. "It is like the ancient menhirs of Brittany."

"What is a menhir?" asked Berthe.

"It is a long shaft of stone, its base buried in the soil. All along the Breton coast they are found, together with the dolmens, which are great stone tables. No one knows who put them there. Long before the dawn of history they stood, at Dol, Plouay, Carnac, and on all the coast of Morbihan. Long after we have passed away they will remain—wild gray moors from which rise great aisles of rugged stones. Silent, mysterious, and desolate, they keep their lonely vigil."

"A pity they cannot be put to some use," said Lise. "But come, we must go inside."



Lise of Lorraine

"Let's be cheerful again!" exclaimed Berthe. "Come little Josse, can't you think of something cheerful?"

The little Josse spoke.

"Junior Red Cross friendships," said the little Josse.

Editor's Note: The dolls of this story, with the exception of little Josse of Flanders, were modeled by an expert wax figure maker in Paris. They were dressed by the pupils of the Complementary Course of the Girls' School in Vanves (Seine), France. The girls dressed the dolls for American Juniors. Since their arrival in America the dolls have had their dwelling place in the Museum at National Headquarters, where visitors may see them.

With Berthe of Alsace, there is also in the museum an ancient and genuine Alsatian costume. It was presented by the Comité de Secours d'Altkirch, in appreciation of the donations received from the American Red Cross for the people of the Altkirch district, which included 42 devastated villages.

Altkirch is a large town in Alsace, as well as the name of a district.

IN THE FRESH SUMMER AIR

(Continued from page 101)

if legendary giants raised it of prodigious white bricks of different bulk.

The teacher invites them to dine. They fall to it and eat with great enjoyment. After eating they drink at a cold brooklet which oozes out of a stone fissure.

After dinner the teacher begins to tell about the history of the river, the forming of its banks, and the sea which was formerly there, and the children begin to look for petrifications in the pebbles of the river bank, in order to take them home and to tell their families something about the past of this river.

In the evening twilight the travelers return home.



Berthe of Alsace



Little Josse of Flanders

"TAM GORY"

I AM going to introduce you to some of the material of which

the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross is being built. It is found in the small but ancient village of Zemen in the Rhodope Mountains, and consists of the pupils of one of those rural schools which this year for the first time will receive the Bulgarian Junior magazine, of which they are justly proud, for it is one of the best in Europe.

Perched on a cliff above the Struma River is an old monastery. It is no longer inhabited by monks, but in winter serves as the village school; in summer as a vacation camp for teachers. It was there that I stayed. Below it slope plum orchards and corn fields; above it tower the mountains. A cold spring, which probably determined the placing of the monastery, flows into a rock basin, and here the village people come, with their jars and other vessels hung on shoulder poles, just as their ancestors did for centuries. Within the monastery enclosure there is a tiny church of amber-colored stone, built before America was discovered, and canopied by great plane trees.

The village spreads along a ridge of the mountain, white plastered, brown thatched, set in thickets of plum trees. It is full of color, of children and activity. Festoons of tobacco turning from green to brown dry against the walls, and garlands of corn and red peppers swing from porch poles, while heaps of melons refresh the eye with their smooth greenness.

Every one in Zemen works, as they do all over Bulgaria. There is an immense war indemnity to be paid. The smaller children were busy gathering fruit or keeping the pigs behind the wicker fences. They helped with the husking and wove the corn silk into their hair to make long braids like their mothers'. They churned and carried jugs to and from the gray fountain where the spring welled in amber ripples tipped with silver. The older children were seen only at dawn and sunset when they took the cattle up the mountain or brought them back at night.

Anna Milo Upjohn

From the monastery window I could look down upon a knot of rust-colored roofs among trees. In front of them was a bare triangular space where, at daybreak, I could make out innumerable small objects assembling, and then, together, begin to move upward through the golden mist which enveloped the valley. The beat of bells mounted with them. I knew by the sound that they stopped at the monastery fountain and then passed up the mountain path under lacy poplars threaded against the sky. The children were off with their cattle to the upland pastures.

One morning I made a hasty breakfast and reached the court as the gate opened letting in a flood of children, goats, and sunshine. Outside, cows drank at the brook which flowed under the wall. "Where are you going?" I asked a boy who had come in for a drink at the fountain. "Tam gory" (up there), he said, pointing to the mountain. "Far?"

"Two hours—up, up." "I will go too," I said. "Very steep," warned the shepherds who had gathered, slanting their brown hands abruptly upward. And steep it was. Across a cascade of rock we cut a bias. There was no shade and the sun beat down mercilessly. Seeing that I was determined to go, the boys provided me with a stout stick and sought the easiest way for me. The nine cows picked their path surely among the stones.

Far above us I saw two girls, motionless as statues on an elbow of rock, gazing down at us under their scooped hands. When we reached them there were questions and answers in Bulgarian. I was being explained. The girls dusted off a ledge on the shady side of the rock and invited me to sit. A delicious breeze blew through the gorge which plunged hundreds of feet below us.

Down there the Struma glimmered like a streak of light in a dusky room. The girls were herding goats. One had a distaff, the other was knitting. "Come with us," they said eagerly pointing up the trail. But the boys were calling from another direction, and the cows went



A Bulgarian shepherdess in a costume of Rila

tirelessly on. "Tomorrow," I answered the girls. "Early, at the monastery?" they asked, making downward movements with their hands. "At half past six." They laughed and ran after their goats, while I plodded after the cattle.

Boys and cows were out of sight, but from the sound of bells I knew they were not far. Around a curve I came upon them at the spring for which they had been heading ever since we left the monastery. The cattle drank contentedly; the boys filled their water bottles. A fine place for a sketch, I thought, and taking out my paper made the boys understand what was wanted of them. But they shook their heads ruefully. "Tam gory," they said, pointing upward. "But why?" I asked, somewhat annoyed. "Grass tam gory," they explained. They were regretful, but immovable. It was their job to take the cows "tam gory." So there was nothing for it but to continue scrambling.

Once on top the boys threw themselves on the short, crisp grass and eyed me curiously. What was I going to do now that I had arrived? Essen took out his pipe and blew a wavering tune. Branks, propped on his elbows, watched me mischievously. And so to their stupefaction I got hurried sketches of both.

But I had brought no lunch and already I was ravenously hungry. So, soon, with shaking knees I started down alone over the hot rocks.

The next day I was wiser. Putting some bread and sheep's cheese, some pears and a thermos bottle of tea in my knapsack, I was ready for the girls at six-thirty. The goats were spry and together we all tinkled up the mountain at a good pace. The mountain side was covered with aromatic herbs like thyme and pennyroyal, which, when struck by the sharp hoofs of the goats, filled the air with a fragrance as sweet as incense. The shepherdesses picked bunches of herbs for me, selecting them carefully. "If you ever have a pain," they said, "make a tea from these and it will cure you."

The girls knew what was expected of them and, when the goats had found a good browsing place, settled themselves sedately on the brink of the hill. I could not coax them to relax as the boys had done. They never forgot that they were having their pictures taken.

Long after noon I took out my lunch and offered the girls some pears. They shook their heads rather wanly. It was a fast day, they said, and they could eat nothing until after three o'clock. Though I put away the fruit and a small bag of candy until midafternoon, I felt like a brute as I munched my bread and cheese and drank



Here the village people come with their jars and other vessels hung from poles just as their ancestors did for centuries

my tea. Before I had finished the girls had curled up in the sun, the goats had sought the scant shade of the scrub, only the fierce and wolfish sheep dog, who had appeared none too friendly to me, remained erect and alert at a post of vantage. Soon we were enveloped in the vast silence of the mountains, with no sound but the occasional sneeze of a goat, the hum of bees, and the tinkle of a thousand tiny bells blended into an echo as soft as rain

drops. About three o'clock the wind cantered over the hilltops, rustling the scrub crisply. The shepherdesses sat up, rubbed their eyes, and took chunks of black bread from their pouches. The angular, many-cornered goats arose and formed in line, looking with their many branching horns like a bare thorn hedge moving along the crest of the hill. The slow downward march toward the fold had begun.

As I think back on the shepherds of the Balkans, I have the impression of young beings of unwavering purpose, capable of self discipline, kind, courageous and courteous, whose lives are full of service.



They helped with the husking and wove corn silk into their hair to make long braids like their mothers'

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Director of Junior Red Cross Publications

EDITORIAL

MARCH THE FIRST

WHEN THE "Articles of Convention" now known as the First Treaty of Geneva or the International Red Cross Treaty was signed in 1864, by ten nations, the United States Government was too busy with the problems of the Civil War to enter into active co-operation. It was not until 1881 that the American National Association of the Red Cross was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia with Miss Clara Barton as President.

Miss Barton had carried on individual relief work during the Civil War. While traveling abroad in 1870 she had watched the operation of the Red Cross system of relief during the Franco-Prussian War, and while in Switzerland she had met the leaders of the Red Cross movement. When she returned to America she worked to interest the United States in joining the Red Cross.

It was on March 1, 1882, that she finally saw the realization of her hopes, when President Arthur signed the Treaty of Geneva. A few days later the Senate unanimously confirmed his decision and the United States took its place among the thirty-one nations then members.

The first outstanding service of the American Red Cross was in giving disaster relief to sufferers from forest fires in Michigan (1881) and later to victims of Mississippi and Ohio River floods and of a storm and tidal wave in Galveston, Texas (1900). Foreign relief work began with a shipload of corn sent under a Red Cross flag by farmers of the Middle West to Russian famine sufferers in 1892. A few years later

help was sent to Turkey and Asia Minor after Armenian massacres. The first volunteer war relief was given in 1898, when Clara Barton herself accompanied a Red Cross relief ship, *State of Texas*, to Cuba.

These were the beginnings of American Red Cross work. Since then a new charter has made the connection with the Government closer, the scope of the work has grown unbelievably, and the membership has increased many fold. The American Red Cross was also largely responsible for the organization of the League of Red Cross Societies, which now includes fifty-one nations of the world.

PLANT A TREE*

LUCY LARCOM

HE WHO plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.

So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree

Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.

Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,

He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.

Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

* Permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

BUTTONS TAKES A BATH

BUTTONS WAS the dirtiest boy in the neighborhood.

Everyone said so. One day Buttons was even dirtier than usual. First he had eaten jam and smeared it all over himself, and then he had gone out and played in the mud. The mud had stuck to the jelly until no one except Buttons' own mother could tell whether it was a boy who came into the house for lunch or just a pile of dirt walking along. When his mother saw him, she said, "Buttons, go up to the bathroom this minute and scrub yourself until you are clean. Luncheon is ready and we are to have waffles and syrup, but, of course, we couldn't think of having any one who looks like you sitting at the table with us."

Buttons knew it would do no good to coax when his mother spoke in that tone, so up the stairs he went. When he got to the bathroom, he sat down on the floor and he said in a very loud and a very firm voice, "I'm not going to wash. I'm not going to be clean. Not for anybody in the world, will I." He hadn't any more than got the words out of his mouth than he felt himself moving. To his surprise he found that the Bath Mat had folded itself up like a boat and was sailing through the air. It hovered over the Bathtub. There was a roar like a large waterfall and out of the faucets came gushing, came tumbling a flood of boiling hot water. The room was so filled with steam that Buttons could see nothing clearly. But he could hear. There were a dozen little voices, shrill and high, all calling to the Bath Mat, "Dump him in, dump him in." It wasn't till the steam cleared away a little and the cold water came into the tub that Buttons could see to whom the voices belonged. Then he found to his utter amazement that it was a cake of Soap, the Bath Towel and the Wash Cloth that were making all the rumpus. Buttons didn't have time to think how funny it was that things like Towels, Soap and Wash Cloths had voices, because all of a sudden the Bath Mat made good its threats and dropped him—splash, into the middle of the tub. Immediately the Soap and Wash Cloth joined him.

"How I have ached to scrub you good and hard," said the Cloth, as she fairly dug Buttons' skin off.

"How I have longed to scour you," said the Soap, as she raced maliciously over his body.

"Your neck, your neck," cried the Wash Cloth. "You may wash your face once in a while, but your

Louise Franklin Bache

time, however.

"Your ears, your ears," shrilled the Soap. "You are like a donkey. You think because you can't see your ears, no one else can."

"It's my turn," said the Bath Towel. Buttons felt himself being lifted out of the tub and placed on the Bath Mat which was now lying very flat in its usual place beside the tub. Buttons didn't know a Bath Towel could be so cruel and so strong. It scratched its way all over him. But at least even that was over with.

"Say thank you," said the Towel, the Soap and the Bath Mat all together.

"Won't either," said Buttons. "I didn't want to take a bath. It was you that made me."

"But don't you really feel better now that you have done so?" said all the voices in a chorus.

Now whatever Buttons' faults were, telling untruths was not one of them. It came over him all of a sudden that he felt better and happier than he had in many a day.

"Why I believe I do," said Buttons in a rather surprised tone.

"Wouldn't you like to feel the way you do now all the time?" said the voices.

"I believe I would," said Buttons very slowly. Then he added, "Thank you, very much," most politely.

"Hurrah," said the Soap, the Wash Cloth, the Towel and the Bath Mat. "Now we will get some clean clothes for you."

"If you hurry," said Buttons, still very politely, "I think I may be in time for the waffles and syrup."



All calling to the Bath Mat "Dump him in, dump him in."



In time for waffles and syrup

THE HERB GARDEN AT WILNO

Anna Milo Upjohn

IF YOU wish the story of the picture on this page you must imagine yourself turning from the drab and crooked streets of Wilno, Poland, and passing under an archway into a wide court with patches of sparse grass and surrounded by houses of the poorer sort. Through another archway you enter a radiant space, the haunt of bees and fragrant with mint and roses. Enclosing the whole are the walls of an old monastery which has long since disappeared.

That this is no ordinary garden you will see at once. There are squares of grain and beds of weeds such as we are wont to pluck painstakingly from our gardens. Yet even burdock and plantain seem to hold honorable places here, each with a yellow sign board explaining why, in both Latin and Polish. For this is the Junior Red Cross Herb Garden—a short time ago a dumping place for the neighborhood, now a distributing center of medicinal herbs and seeds for all Poland and in term time visited daily by pupils from thirty schools.

Originally it was not a Polish Junior project; it was money sent by American Juniors for work in Poland which made it a possibility. Now its value has become so recognized that the government pays an expert gardener as overseer. So we may be justifiably proud as we walk between its beds and borders, and also filled with admiration for this most unusual activity of the Polish Juniors.

Near the entrance we find a group of protective plants, which through scent or poisonous fruit ward off enemies. The tall foxglove is among them, also belladonna and the herring plant, which, if grown near more sensitive plants, will protect them from birds and insects by its rank fishy odor. Near these are the emotional plants; Mimosa from the Caucasus, so sensitive that it must be kept under glass to save it from the shock of so much as the brush of a butterfly's wing; and Calendula, "little yellow star" in Polish, which timidly draws together if your shadow so much as falls across it. Then come the kitchen herbs or spice plants. Dill for

pickles, caraway for cookies, mint for sauces, and many others. There are pulpy-leaved plants, and shiny and velvety ones. There are bee plants and tubers and those which, like the lupin, enrich the soil with their pods, or help its evaporation as the snap dragon does.

Every plant in this garden is there for some interesting reason. Some crawl and some grasp. There are those which in climbing turn from left to right, as the scarlet bean, or from right to left as the hop. There are the purely medicinal herbs—rhubarb, burdock, and castor oil, valerian for the nerves, camomile and mallows, and a modest flower which tastes like celery and which was used by quacks of the Middle Ages as a love potion. The whole garden is as full of anecdotes as a story book.

There are visitors from distant lands, too. Mint from Japan and England, rhubarb from Manchuria, and spinach from New Zealand.

We learn that plants have their individual ways of living and growing. Some multiply by root as grass and horse radish. Strawberries increase by tendrils. Oxalis sows its own seed, while burdock leaves the task to animals by sticking to their fur, and the bloomless underground clover secretly sows its seeds beneath the soil.

You may think this simply a summer proposition, but in the long shabby building over the archway you will find a simply equipped laboratory, where herbs are distilled or dried and packed for sale during the winter months.

Aside from the pupils who come for work or study, the outer court teems with children, and to them the garden has become the center of their lives. Many of them are Junior Red Cross members, Jas and Josia among them. It is they who posed for the picture, feeling quite at home in the spot where they were used to weed and water. If Josia's arms were tired from holding the watering can she would drop to her knees to watch the bees bobbing in and out of the foxgloves,



In the flower corner of the Herb Garden at Wilno

or Jas would take a five-minute sprint at ball in the court and be back again. My paper is pinned to a large board placed on a stone seat under the great poplar tree which dominates the garden like a watch tower. Meanwhile the top of the wall was as thickly beset with young spectators as though I had been a football game.

Under the shade of the poplar, quite near me sat the Queen of the Garden, the eight-months-old baby of the gardener. To her tiny hands the children brought offerings—a black hollyhock, a carnation, a zenia. For in this garden there are no "Do-not-touch!" signs. The picking of single blossoms or sprigs for study is encouraged. And the garden is so precious to those admitted to it that no one would dream of robbing or mutilating it. It is the pride of the children of Wilno. But it is more than that. The money from the sale of herbs and seeds to chemists and physicians goes for further Junior projects. And the herb garden has set a standard for other gardens in Poland.

Before we leave Wilno I want to tell you about its playground, which was also started and equipped through gifts from the American Junior Red Cross. Wilno is in that part of Poland which suffered most during the war. It is a wide, sad, disappointed city with old gray palaces and winding streets topped by a castle tower. The playground is at the other extremity of the town from the Herb Garden. It is a beautiful park-like space with spreading trees, and at one end an open field bordered by a shallow but swiftly running stream with here and there delicious swimming pools. At the playground office four hundred young people line up daily for the distribution of balls, racquets, croquet sets, stilts, hoops, and in winter, sleds and skates. "And are these things always brought back?" I asked. "Last winter there was one sled missing," was the reply, "and that represents the year's loss."

The playground is known in Wilno as the "Children's Park." Last spring on the Polish "Tree Day" the Juniors began the planting of a hedge around it. Next year they plan for flower beds and sod. But the greatest need in a country where the winters are long and dark, and stormy days are plentiful, is a gathering place for the children. A building on the edge of the playground long used as a weaving school is now vacant and would make an ideal community house. To bring this about is the hope of the Wilno Junior Red Cross,

though it will take far more money for furnishing and repairs than their chest now contains. They even dream of a library and indoor games and a few guest rooms for the use of delegates from other Polish Junior Red Cross circles.

Editorial Note

THE RAISING of medicinal herbs was once a flourishing industry in Poland, especially in the northern part, around the city of Wilno. It is said that there are about 1,600 species of plants in Poland, of which about 850 have medicinal value. The Botanical Garden at Wilno was famous not only throughout Poland, but in other countries. It was destroyed when the Russians occupied this part of Poland. The destruction of the medicinal herb industry not only created a great scarcity of medicines in Poland, but also deprived the country of an important source of revenue. For these reasons and because the children of Poland after the war were greatly in need of outdoor occupations, the American Junior Red Cross undertook to assist in re-establishing medicinal herb gardens to be cultivated by children under the direction of experienced gardeners. It was particularly important to begin with the children because those familiar with the methods of growing, collecting and trading in medicinal herbs had become few in number. The city of Wilno

apportioned excellent lands accessible to all the schools of the city and of the district. The director of the work was a professor in the University of Wilno. He arranged to give talks to the children on the care of plants, their cultivation, collection, drying, packing, etc., all but the very heavy work was to be done by the Junior group. The American Junior assistance consisted chiefly of money for the purchase of seeds, tools, and other equipment. Excursions were made to the woods and fields for the collection of wild herbs and the demonstration of their preparation for market.

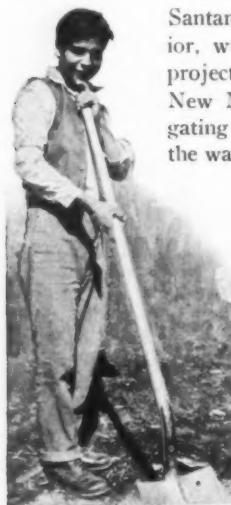
The experiment at Wilno was so successful that similar groups were established at Kolpin and elsewhere and the raising of medicinal herbs has tended to become a national project on the part of the Polish Junior Red Cross. It is this project which provides so much of health, beauty, enjoyment, and profit to the Polish children and their nation that Miss Upjohn has illustrated so beautifully in the poster used as a cover for this number of *THE NEWS*.



The Queen of the Garden

JUNIOR GARDENS IN TAOS, NEW MEXICO

JUNIORS WHO live in areas where the weather man is generous with his rain, may not always realize what careful planning and plucky persistence is called forth when Juniors of the Southwest tackle a gardening project.



"I have been working at other things during the summer, but just the same I work at my garden"

Ruth Evelyn Henderson

"I did not irrigate all those days," Santanita Romen, a Sixth-Grade Junior, wrote in a report of the garden project of an Indian school at Taos, New Mexico. "Some men were irrigating their crops and I could not get the water, so I had to wait." This was

in the latter part of May when, in Eastern and Central States, gardeners can be reasonably sure of a shower, at least on Decoration Day.

It is no wonder that members of the Junior Red Cross staff at National Headquarters found the garden reports of these Indian Juniors "nothing less than fascinating." Parts of them read like a chapter from Robinson Crusoe, in their record of patient detail and final victory over obstacles.

There were many problems to be solved, of course, as well as that of irrigating. Some of these any Juniors who have made gardens will recognize. Tomastio Concha, Grade 3, manages to include a variety of such problems in a very brief, pointed record.

How I Made My Garden

"First, I used some manure in my garden. Then we irrigated, and then my father plowed my garden. I used the rake to make it smooth. I planted my early sweet peas and other flowers, and irrigated again.

"I work in my garden every evening and during the day, when I can. I kill the bugs on the beans and the cabbage by putting ashes and red pepper on them. I am irrigating my cabbage, lettuce, onions, beans, turnips, and beets. I pull out all the grass. I use a rake and a hoe.

"I go often to see my garden. I am glad to see my garden at evening time."

"I have been working at other things during the sum-

mer," wrote Cleofa Liyan, Grade 6, "but just the same I worked in my garden. Whenever I had time I worked one to two hours. I irrigated it and kept it clean. When I irrigated it I let the water run slow down the garden so the water would follow the plants.

"I think it is a good thing I have my garden. Of course, it is hard to raise, but, just the same, it is nice to eat the vegetables and it is nice to earn a little money out of them. I surely do enjoy having the garden."

Not only have these Juniors coped successfully with the physical obstacles involved, but they have done what is perhaps an even harder thing in overcoming prejudices such as we all have in one way or another, in matters of appetite. Their gardening project was a Fit-for-Service project as well. They raised their gardens partly in order that they might have the vegetables which would round out their diet and improve their health. They have learned to like new kinds of food. Tasbel Honora, Grade 5, says in her report, "We had four cabbages that were good to eat and some beets. We had 89 onions. I had 100 onions, but 11 of them got dried and were not any good. We ate some of them. We ate 50 radishes. I had some good beans and we ate them at four different times."

We are sorry there is not space to quote more of these reports in full. Altogether, one hundred and sixteen gardens were raised by Juniors in this school. We think you will enjoy, as much as the Junior Staff, reading parts of the narrative report from which we quoted at the beginning, by Santanita Romen, Sixth Grade. His garden plot was twenty feet square. The project extended over 180 days, during which he

worked at longer or shorter intervals. His report includes a careful estimate of the money spent on materials, the value of the labor, the value of the crops on hand at the close of the project, and the net profit. The narrative report follows:

How I Have Worked Out My Garden

"First, I chose the place I thought it would be best to have my garden and measured it. My father

plowed the ground for me. Before I planted anything I stopped to think how many rows I would need and found out how to plant. I then irrigated and got the ground ready.

"The first thing I planted was the sweet peas. I spent half an hour on March 30 putting the seeds about



These Juniors think it is a good thing to have gardens

an inch deep in the ground and about six inches apart. On April 23 I set my onions out, working for half an hour. I put them about an inch and a half deep in the ground, setting them about six or seven inches apart. On April 27 I worked for half an hour, planting my radishes in three rows. I put the rows six inches apart and the seeds about one inch deep. The same day that I planted radishes I planted lettuce in two rows six inches apart, putting the seeds in, one inch deep. On April 27 I planted flowers, putting the seeds in, about an inch deep, and working for forty minutes.

"On April 29 for two hours I worked on my garden. On May 25 I irrigated for ten minutes. On May 26 for two hours I worked on my garden, and on May 27 I worked on it again. On May 31 I worked on it again for an hour and a half, and again on June 2. I did not irrigate all those days because some men were irrigating their crops and I could not get the water always. So I had to wait until June 3 when I irrigated for ten minutes.

"On June 10 for forty minutes I planted turnips. First I irrigated the ground until it was well soaked, and after it was ready I sowed the seeds. I did not plant them in rows.

"On June 8 for five minutes I irrigated my beans and for two hours on June 10 I worked on my garden. I irrigated the lettuce, radishes, onions and flowers on June 11 for five minutes. On June 13 I worked on my garden for twenty minutes. On June 16 I hoed for fifteen minutes. . . .

"On the 3rd of July a hailstorm came and spoiled my garden, after I had tried my best to keep it up; but on July 5 I cleaned the ground and worked for fifteen minutes. . . .

"I irrigated my garden on July 15 for ten minutes and worked on it on July 17 for fifteen minutes. I did not get through, so on July 19 I worked on my onions, and on July 22, as they needed water, I irrigated for ten minutes. . . .

"I could hardly irrigate because I could never find the water. Some men were still irrigating.

"In my garden I have sweet peas, flowers, radishes, lettuce, beans, and turnips. I worked hard to make the best garden, and I believe I did. I like to work in the garden, and I like to have a garden very much. My flowers have grown so tall and they are so pretty. I just love them. I would like to have a garden again."

TRINIDAD SCHOOL YELL

(In a portfolio to the Chilocco Indian School, from the Trinidad Agricultural School, Philippine Islands.)

"SPADE and Shovel! Rake and hoe!
Where do we learn to make and grow?
TRINIDAD! TRINIDAD! TRINIDAD!"

FIRST AID AMONG INDIAN JUNIORS

ONE of the most popular service activities among Indian Juniors during the past two years has been the preparation of small First-aid boxes to take home. In many cases these boxes (or cans) were made by the Juniors themselves, who shaped old food tins into First-aid containers and painted them white with a Red Cross symbol. Other American Juniors have co-operated in furnishing some of the necessary materials.

That Juniors know how to make practical application of their knowledge is evidenced by two accounts of services in rendering First Aid. One story came from the Government Indian School, Second Mesa Hopi-Land, Toneva, Arizona. The pupils of this school had made First-aid boxes, which they took home at the end of the school year. During the summer vacation a white person who was camping on the top of Toneva Mesa received a very bad cut by opening a can. There was no doctor nearer than twenty-five miles. An Indian Junior witnessed the accident, hastened to his house and returned with his First-aid can. He attended to the cut efficiently, thus, perhaps, preventing blood poisoning. The story of his service spread over Hopi-Land, interesting older Indians as well as younger ones.

The other instance is reported from Chilocco, Oklahoma. Lee Miller, a Chilocco student, had just parked the Government school truck which he was driving, in Arkansas City, when a passing limousine struck a Junior High School boy, and left the child, without aid, lying on the pavement in a pool of blood. Two women passers-by called to Lee, who gave First-aid service, binding up the gash over the boy's right temple, carrying him to the truck, and taking him home.

The Arkansas City Daily reported the act in terms of high praise. The Indian School Journal of Chilocco made the comment: "Such kindly acts are in keeping with the emphasis being placed in our school upon the Junior Red Cross."



"I am glad to see my garden at evening time"



"It is nice to eat the vegetables"

A QUAIN T OLD TUNE

Old Songs from Bordeaux

THE LATEST portfolio from the Ecole Normale de Jeunes Filles, at Cauderon, Bordeaux, contained a little hand-made book of old French songs with illustrations copied in water colors and with the music beautifully copied in pen and ink. One of the songs is reproduced on this page.

Malbrough S'en Va T'en Guerre

A BAND of men in battered chain mail, bronzed by Eastern suns, and gazing with time-estranged eyes on their homeland of France, Godfrey de Bouillon and his Crusaders returned from the Holy Land. Many strange treasures they brought with them, and one other thing destined to live long after treasures and Crusaders had passed away—a simple, wordless tune, caught, perhaps, from some Saracen mother singing her baby to sleep.

Down through the centuries the little tune wandered, fitted to various words.

Then Duke Marlborough burst upon the land of France at the head of an English army and won victory after victory in such a blaze of military brilliance that to the dazzled eyes of France as well as England he seemed for a time almost superhuman. But the French did not remain dazzled, and partly in mockery, partly in defiance, a meaningless rhyme was set to the tune.

The memory of Marlborough's victories grew dim; the song was almost forgotten.

Then there was born in France a little baby who was considered of such exalted birth that great lords and ladies were humbly glad to serve him; a baby whose parents were the King and Queen of France. The small dauphin lay in his gold and silken cradle and doubtless kicked and cried like other babies; the haughty young Queen, like other mothers, chose a simple song for his lullaby, *Malbrough s'en Va t'en Guerre*. The song spread through Paris: nobles sang it, peasants hummed it, street boys whistled it.

The appalling storm of the Revolution swept over France; amid its thunders the song again dropped



When he'll come back no one knows!

out of hearing. A nation changed, a kingdom fell; the life of the young prince, so glittering and joyous at its beginning, faded out in darkness and pain. But the song that had lulled his royal slumbers was heard again in the land. A republic rose and fell, an empire was established, and now it was the Emperor Napoleon who hummed the tune. His soldiers carried it back to the East and the Arabs sing it to this day to an Arabic translation entitled "Mabrook."

It crossed the English Channel and caught the English fancy. It has enlivened many a college gathering in England and America when set to the words: *For he's a jolly good fellow!*

But the great climax came when Beethoven used it in his Battle Symphony to symbolize the French army. Thus the little tune, perhaps born of the careless humming of an Eastern mother, has become a part of one of the world's great masterpieces and so has achieved immortality.

